

Peck's Patent Improved Cushioned Ear Drum
PERFECTLY RESTORE the HEARING
 no matter whether deafness is caused by colds,
 fevers, or injuries to the natural drums. All
 ways in position, but invisible to others, and
 comfortable to wear. Music, conversation,
 even whispers heard distinctly. We refer to
 those using them. Send for illustrated book or
 one's free. Address F. HISCOX, 849 Broadway N. Y.

thickly settled city with its millions of inhabitants. It may be added, however, that the people of Los Angeles laugh at the idea of a town without water ever reaching such dimensions.

I took a little excursion with a friend ten miles out on the ocean in a

get the best material. Have it made in the prevailing fashion; not the extreme; then wear it while it is in the fashion, and not save it up to the worst and expense of making it over.

If your purse is sufficiently plenteous to have one handsome suit for dress occasions. If such a dress is beyond your means, a street dress can be rendered quite "dressy" by exchanging the stiff collars and cuffs for soft ruching, or laces and pretty ribbons, which dainty feminine fingers know so well how to arrange.—*Cleveland Leader.*

A young pig will produce more live weight from a given weight of food adapted to its use than any other domestic quadruped, and consequently it is a profitable animal to raise. To be sure, his meat is not so palatable as that of sheep and cattle, but it is more uniform in quality, and averages well with the flesh of other animals. He will live on choice food or garbage, as occasion may require, and will thrive on food that any other animal could use with safety. He will live and flourish under adverse conditions with other animals would succumb while he will respond more promptly and efficiently to good and generous treatment than any other tenant of the farm. On account of his ability to stand abuse, he is pretty apt to get more of his share of it, and to be neglected, but it pays to look after his comfort as a study his necessities. It does not follow, because he is a pig, that he is a dirty animal. In fact, he is not, that there is necessity for being particularly about what he shall eat or how he shall fatten.

—National Live-Stock Journal.

**FIRST-CLASS IN
CINCINNATI**
POPULAR PRICES
H. R. PROCTOR
One of the Best Fitted and Most
June 1-1 y.
MDE. E. D.
Fashion
DRESS and CO.
—(NO. 342 F)
LOUISVILLE,
SAMPLES OF DRESS CO.
MADE
Satisfaction
9-10.

ALL APPOINTMENTS, &
ATI, OHIO.
E \$2.00 PER DAY
COR., Proprietors
veniently Located Hotels in the City.

DOUGHERTY,
ionable
LOAK-MAKER
URTH AVENUE.—
- KENTUCKY.
OODS SENT AND DRESS
TO ORDER.
Guaranteed.

The man who has invested four years in his education in a higher school than at his first half hour's experience in a same kind to his sorrow that it is hardly a better protection than a non-quit setting, not only faces shipwreck as being so badly taken by, but also finds that he does not look exactly like Ask for the "FRI BRAND" SLICKER does not have the same reach, spirit for clearing away the brush and cutting down the

Sherwood

UNDER N
BISSELL & T
First & Locust Street
RATES, \$
CONVENIENT SAMPLE BOOK

**A
ET
EN**

* * * * *

To refer the man who will do service
(not say) a garment that will keep
him dry in rain or snow. It is
called **TOWNS' FISH BRAND**
"SLICKER," a name familiar to every
boy all over the land. With them
the only perfect Wind and Waterproof
Coats are "Town's Fish Brand Slicker"
and take no other. If your storekeeper
does not have Town's Slickers, write, please,

* * * * *

Good House

NW MANAGEMENT.

TOWNSEND, Prop's.

EVANSVILLE, IN

2 PER DAY.

IS FOR COMMERCIAL TRAVELERS

Ost

Mr. T. O. Hall has assumed editorial control of the *Clarksville Chronicle*.

Reports that Mr. Jefferson Davis was at death's door at Macon, Ga., proved to be grossly exaggerated. He had a slight attack from which he quickly recovered and is now as well as usual.

Col. Wallace Gruelle has sold the *Leitchfield Gazette* to T. B. Wilson and retired from the newspaper business. He does not indicate his intentions for the future.

A fight with the Crow Indians took place in Montana Saturday, in which Sword Bearer, the leader of the hostiles, and three or four braves were killed on one side and Corporal Chas. Simpson killed and two soldiers wounded on the other side. The Indians were put to flight.

The election to be held in New York today is one of very great importance to both parties. If the Democrats win, Cleveland's re-election is assured; if the Republicans triumph, then the gentleman from Maine will have another chance next year.

Rev. Chas. A. Berry, of Wolverhampton, Eng., is to be called to the pastorate of Plymouth Church as Mr. Beecher's successor. He is 35 years of age and has been preaching for 13 years. Nothing but imported gospel it seems will satisfy the well-satisfied of Brooklyn.

The post-office department has created a good deal of dissatisfaction among business men by ruling against the printing of advertisements on the wrappers of unsold mail matter of the second, third and fourth classes. Congress will be asked to give relief from the obnoxious ruling.

Nashville was visited by a fire that destroyed \$100,000 worth of property on the morning of the 4th inst. Weakley & Warren's store and several adjoining establishments were burned, and a disastrous conflagration was narrowly averted. Several parties were injured by falling walls but no lives were lost. The property losses were partially covered by \$95,000 insurance.

Madame Goldschmidt, a native of Sweden, known to fame and the musical world as Jenny Lind, died at London, on the 1st inst., in the 66th year of her age. She was the queen of song some 40 years ago, but retired from the stage after her marriage in America in 1852, though she sometimes reappeared in charity concerts. She leaves a large fortune.

There is a factory in Bridgeport, Conn., that uses 10,000 gallons of fresh beef blood a day in making buttons, combs, jewelry, etc. A factory at Trenton, N. J., makes door knobs out of the same material. There are also other queer uses to which blood may be put. For instance the Governor of Ohio has undertaken at this late date to manufacture Republican votes out of the blood shed on battlefields a quarter of a century ago.

The trouble over the Canadian fisheries question is again being discussed in the newspapers. About the best way for Uncle Sam to settle the fish question is to call for "Blue and Gray" volunteers and send them to Canada to take all of the fish and as much of Canada as we need in our business. It would be a good way to cement the ties that should bind north and south together and at the same time give England the licking that we had to administer to her every once in a while.

The Christmas number of Scribner's Magazine will contain double the usual number of illustrations, every one of which has been made from a drawing by some well-known and expert artist. A few of those represented are Will H. Low, William Hole, A. R. S. A., R. Swain Gilford, Howard Pyle, E. H. Blashfield, J. W. Alexander, George Foster Barnes, F. Hopkinson Smith and F. S. Church. The price will remain the same as usual—25 cents.

But one survivor of the wrecked Steamer, Vernon, lost in a storm on Lake Michigan, has yet been found. His name is Alfred Stone and he was picked up from a raft upon which was the dead body of another man. Stone states that six persons escaped on the raft but all perished from the cold excepting himself. He was thoroughly exhausted and could have lived but a few hours longer. He expresses the opinion that there were about 50 persons on board the unfortunate vessel, of which number he is probably the sole survivor.

The *Cadiz Telephone* takes issue with the *Kentuckian* upon the suggestion that the salaries of the railroad commissioners should be cut down from \$2,000 to \$800 per annum. The *Telephone* thinks it is better to employ good men at \$2,000 than to have the work entrusted to "cheap John" officials. This would be sound argument if the commissioners were re-elected to give their whole time to the work, but it must be borne in mind that they are not required to give up their regular vocations, but only render occasional services to the state which are often merely nominal labors. From an economical standpoint it would be better for the state to pay them to much per diem for the actual work done than to pay either of the salaries named above.

EDITORIAL CORRESPONDENCE.

MEMPHIS, TENN., Nov. 2.—As I have several hours to "lay over" here, I know of no better way to pass the time than to jot down a few observations taken on my homeward trip from the far west. I believe my last letter was written from San Diego. I left that "future great" city on the night of Oct. 26th, having decided to shake off the dust and fumes of California and "strike for home and native land."

I cannot go into the details of the long and tiresome trip of nearly 3,000 miles without growing monotonous, since there is but little change or variation from the broad expanse of sandy desert on the Southern Pacific road. I will therefore only touch briefly upon the more important points at which I stopped.

The train made very slow headway and when day broke on Thursday morning scarcely a hundred miles had been traversed. Daylight found me at Riverside on the California Southern road, which is considered the finest orange growing section of the state. I could see the green groves of orange trees from the window of the car, but no stop was made until we got to Colton. Here occurred a delay of three hours and it was not until 12:30 that a start was made for Texas. Colton is in my opinion one of the safest places to make investments in California. It is a place of about 2,000 inhabitants, has two railroads crossing each other and is backed by the finest of orange lands and is better supplied with water than most California towns.

A careful investigation failed to disclose even the semblance of a "boom" about the place and the prices asked for town lots were very reasonable. The town is level and nicely laid out and is connected by a dummy railway line with San Bernardino, the county seat of a very large county, which place containing 10,000 people is only 35 miles distant. It is not improbable that these places will some day grow until they come together, as there is no large city nearer than about 60 miles. For about thirty miles after leaving Colton the country bore a pleasing appearance, but after going that distance we suddenly passed through a range of hills and found ourselves in the great southern desert. For 500 miles this desert lay before us and it was not until we were half way through New Mexico that the country began to look like it was fit to live in. The train which started behind time continued to lose time and was nearly seven hours late when the journey to El Paso ended. On Thursday the train stopped at Indio, Ariz., at 3:30 p. m., for dinner and the next morning took breakfast at Tucson and dined at Bowie, in the eastern part of the Territory. These places and the town of Yuma at the California line were the only places passed in Arizona worth mentioning. There were other little towns but most of them consisted of a saloon and a trading post out on the barren plain, with a few miserable creatures standing about the depot. One must see this desert to have a proper conception of its sterility. Sometimes for miles not a sign of vegetation would be seen. The sand would be drifted into heaps like snow and every now and then a smart breeze would send it flying into the car windows that could not be closed with any degree of comfort on account of the heat, which was very oppressive. Again there would be a few scattering sage bushes, cactus plants or Mexican amole plants to break the monotony. The latter is the soap plant, the raw root of which is used for soap by the Mexicans and Indians in the sections where it grows. In the afternoon of Friday the country began to improve in appearance and before nightfall we were in the famous cattle grazing section of Southern New Mexico. To be sure the prairie did not come up to the standard of the writers of western romance, who picture it as a grand expanse of waving grass as high as a man's waist, but the grazing appeared to be good and now and then grass could be seen that was probably six inches in height. Darkness threw a sable mantle over the landscape and shut out the pleasing vision fifty miles from El Paso, which place was reached at 9 o'clock p. m., Friday.

The next day was spent by all of the passengers in doing El Paso and the town of Paso del Norte across the river, in Mexico. El Paso is a place of perhaps 8,000 inhabitants and is a rather respectable looking town, considering its surroundings. About half of the population appears to be composed of greasers, who are about as repulsive in appearance as the Indians seen on the Northern route. There is a good court house and also a few good three-story buildings in El Paso and the town has gas and a street railway. This is about all there is to say about the place, which is situated in the extreme southwestern corner of Texas. The street cars run over the bridge into Paso del Norte. In company with several other gentlemen I went over into the dirty old Mexican town. It contains probably a thousand or two of inhabitants who live mostly in low one-story adobe buildings, built on the streets with a hollow square in the rear, which space is used as the back yard of probably a score of families. Now and then an enterprising American has built a brick store house and opened up a stock of American goods. Nearly every other house is a "Cantina" or saloon and there were twenty idlers seen to one laborer about the town. We called on the U. S. Consul, Mr. Brigham, who treated us very kindly and expressed his pleasure at meeting so many of his countrymen. We walked over the whole

town and went into the old Mission building, which was about the only object of interest to be seen. Most of those who used cigars filled their pockets, as the same cigars cost a bit in Texas can be had for 50 cents a dozen in Mexico, on account of the difference in import duties. Custom officers were stationed at each end of the bridge, but they probably did not take the party to be smugglers and passed them by without searching or even asking questions. Masons—if they could be called masons—were at work putting up an adobe building on one of the streets. The material used is a kind of brick made out of black mud with straw mixed in it and moulded into blocks about 6 inches wide and 15 inches long and 4 or 5 inches thick. These are dried in the sun and then laid in mortar of the same material. The walls being up the flat roof is made of straw or mud supported by poles and you have the building ready for occupancy. It has no floor, as a rule, and the windows and doors have the simplest of board shutters. No wonder Mexico is not keeping pace with the progress and enlightenment of the day, when her towns are inhabited by such a shiftless, trifling set of citizens, who continue to build and live in mud houses even after Americans have come amongst them and set the example of building decent, comfortable houses. The streets were lined with beggars who beset the visitors on all sides with a jabbering mixture of Spanish and bad English and held out their hands to receive the alms. Some of these even crossed the river and infested the streets of El Paso.

It was about 5 o'clock Saturday afternoon when the train left El Paso headed for Ft. Worth, 616 miles distant and 1,485 miles from the starting point. This part of the trip was over the Texas & Pacific road, one of the best roads into whose hands I have fallen in the west. The weather was delightful and the journey was mostly through the fine prairie pastures of Texas, which are far ahead of any other grazing lands I saw. The grass was a foot high in many places and there were streams and ponds of water all along where stock could drink without having to go for miles to find water, as is the case in other parts of the West. This fine country continued almost without interruption for 500 miles and then the settled portion of the State was reached. Several considerable towns were passed, of which Weatherford and Abilene were the most important. Abilene is the town laid out by Col. J. Stoddard Johnston about seven years ago and is the county seat of Taylor county. In this county and the adjoining one of Jones several ex-Hopkinsvillians now live, among whom are L. M. Buie, B. F. Buie, Jno. B. Bell and Frank H. Campbell. Weatherford is quite a city. Here I met two or three of the Penn boys, who formerly lived at Cerulean Springs. They have been living there for about three years. Fort Worth was reached Sunday night and I spent Monday there. I found quite a colony of young men from Hopkinsville at Ft. Worth. T. P. Ennis had just returned from Denver, where he had been to fill a matrimonial engagement. C. E. Trice, T. B. Burbridge, Geo. W. Gibson, Phil Gaither, Felix Gaither and Jeff Killebrew are all there and I had the pleasure of meeting them all. I am indebted to Trice & Burbridge for numerous courtesies and attentions shown me while in their city. They are the leading real estate firm of Ft. Worth and their friends will be glad to learn that they are doing a flourishing and lucrative business. The other young men named all have positions as salesmen at good salaries. I found Ft. Worth to be a flourishing, growing city of 30,000 inhabitants, with property just about half as high as in California cities. It is backed by a fine country and splendid natural resources and will some day be a large city. Its growth has been solid and substantial and will steadily continue without the aid of a boom, if the signs are not misleading. I left Ft. Worth Monday night and got to Ft. Scott, Kan., Tuesday afternoon. Here I changed cars for Memphis but failed by several hours to make close connection. A run of ten hours more brought me to this place, where I must remain for several hours. If nothing happens to prevent I shall reach Hopkinsville in a day or two more, thoroughly convinced that a great many mistakes can be made by Kentuckians who leave their homes expecting to find better places than Kentucky.

C. M. M.

Louisville Tobacco Market.

[By Glover & Durrett.]

Sales on our market for the week just closed amounted to 2856 lbs., with receipts for the same period of 1559 lbs. Sales on our market since January last, amount to 114,102 lbs. The offerings of dark tobacco during the week have been smaller than usual and we are able to note an improvement of about 50c per 100 during the week. The following quotations fairly represent our market for dark tobacco:

Trash \$2.50 to 3.50.
Common to medium lugs \$3.50 to 5.00.
Good lugs \$5.00 to 6.00.
Common to medium leaf \$5.50 to 6.50.
Good to fine leaf \$6.50 to 8.50.
Leaf of extra length \$7.50 to 9.50.
Wrappery leaf \$9.50 to 16.00.

Four dynamite bombs were found in the cell of Louis Lingg, one of the condemned Chicago anarchists, last Sunday. They were made of pieces of gas pipe plugged at both ends and were evidently intended to be used by the anarchists for taking their own lives to "cheat the gallows." Gov. Oglesby has not extended clemency to the condemned men and the impression is almost universal that he will let the law take its course and end the earthly careers of the red-handed murderers next Friday.

A WHOLESALE MURDER.

After Killing His Wife, Child and Brother-in-law, a Gambler Suicides.

LOUISVILLE, Ky., Nov. 5.—A terrible tragedy was discovered yesterday in the western part of this city. Mrs. Mary Bruner, the mother of Mrs. Charles B. Brownfield, living at No. 1922 West Chestnut street, made a call at the residence of her daughter, about 10 o'clock. The door was locked, and no one answered the bell. She gained access to a one-story frame cottage, however, where her eyes met a horrible sight. The body of Chas. Brownfield, her son-in-law, was suspended by a strap attached to the lintel. Back of this on a bed lay the body of William F. Bruner, a brother of Mrs. Brownfield, with his throat cut from ear to ear. On another bed were the forms of his wife and 3-year-old child, with their heads almost severed from their bodies. A razor, with which the awful deed had been committed, lay near by. The bed clothing was drenched with blood. The dead had evidently been committed Thursday night, for the following letter, dated 6:30 a. m., and written by the murderer in a clear hand, was found.

"To all whom it may concern:

"I, Charles B. Brownfield, murdered my dear wife and baby, also W. F. Bruner, my brother-in-law. I killed my wife and baby because I was tired of life and did not want them left penniless in the world and no one to care for them. My cause for being tired of life is gambling. Now let my brothers and friends take warning. I killed W. F. Bruner because I did not think he was fit to live, and now I will make an attempt on my life, so good-bye to my father, brother, friends and relations. All take warning. Good-bye.

CHARLES B. BROWNFIELD.

Brownfield was about thirty years old and very dissipated. His father is a magistrate and highly respected. He was a boot and shoe salesman, and was at the time of his death in the employ of Rosenberg, Flexner & Co., and was considered one of the best salesmen in his line in the city. He had been married six years to Miss Alice Bruner, of Washington, Ind. His married life had apparently been happy, and his only vice had been gambling. His crime is the bloodiest ever committed in Louisville, and it has produced a profound sensation of horror throughout the city.

Hall's

There is more Catarrh in this section of the country than all other diseases put together, and until the last few years was supposed to be incurable. For a great many years Doctors pronounced it a local disease, and prescribed local remedies, and by constantly failing to cure with local treatment pronounced it incurable. Science has proven Catarrh to be a constitutional disease, and therefore requires a constitutional treatment. Hall's Catarrh Cure, manufactured by F. J. Cheney & Co., Toledo, Ohio, is the only constitutional cure now on the market. It is taken internally in doses from ten drops to a teaspoonful, it acts directly upon the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. They offer one hundred dollars for any case it fails to cure. Send for circular and testimonials. Address, F. J. CHENEY & CO., Toledo, O.

Sold by Druggists, 7c each.

Catarrh Cure.

KENTUCKY KNOWLEDGE.

Madisonville's police have been uniformed.

Wm. Mundy, col., aged 14, was fatally burned by the explosion of a lamp at Lexington.

Jacob Satterlee fell from his wagon in Anderson county and broke his neck. He was 45 years old.

Joe W. Crow was killed and several other workmen were injured by a falling scaffold at Franklin.

Wm. Warner, who killed a fellow convict, has been sentenced to death at Louisville. He will hang Mar. 9.

M. E. Griffin and Miss Emma Walden, of Hebbardsville, eloped to Evansville Thursday and were spotted.

The town of Shady Grove, Livingston county, was nearly destroyed by fire Saturday. Loss \$40,000, insurance \$8,000.

The village of Wyoming, Bath county, was almost entirely burned Friday. Loss \$16,000, with only \$1,500 insurance.

A suit for malpractice, brought by Miss Belle Hughes against Dr. Carpenter, is being tried at Stanford. Miss Hughes asks for \$10,000 damages.

Col. Keene F. Pritchard, of Catlettsburg, one of the most eminent lawyers of eastern Kentucky, died of paralysis a few days ago, in the 55th year of his age.

Tuck Agee, who was hanged at Lexington Friday for the murder of his brother-in-law, Jas. Faulkner, was the first white man hung in Central Kentucky since the war.

Mrs. Mattie Johnson, the reputed sister of the noted outlaw, John A. Murrell, who terrorized Kentucky and Tennessee a generation ago, died in Paducah last week, aged 65 years.

Two leading firms of Louisville failed Friday. Hays, Mayer & Co., wholesale furniture, collapsed for \$450,000 and Henkle & Wolf, wholesale hatters, went under for \$100,000. The two firms were heavy investors for the whiskey firm of Lapp, Goldsmith & Co., that failed for \$400,000 some weeks ago.

THE

OLD RELIABLE

STILL HOLDS THE LEAD

WITH THE LARGEST STOCK

OF

Clothing, Cloaks, Dry Goods, Boots, Shoes, Hats and Caps,

Ladies' and Gents' Furnishings, Trunks, Etc.

Ever shown in Hopkinsville and at Prices that Defy Competition. Our stock is larger and more complete than ever before and in our endeavor to please will name you. Better Goods, more of them at Lower Prices than any concern in the city. This is no idle boast but plain facts undisputed. To be convinced call on us before making your Fall and Winter Purchases, and we will guarantee you will be satisfied that we have told facts. Ladies your special and undivided attention is called to our Most Elegant and Immense Stock of

Cloaks, Jackets and Short Wraps,

Consisting of Lusters Sponged Seal Plush and Worsteds, Cassimeres and the Finest Cloths in the market. We will make it to your interest to call, before purchasing, on the

"OLD RELIABLE,"

M. FRANKEL & SONS.

BEARD CORNER.

TO THE PEOPLE OF

CHRISTIAN AND SURROUNDING COUNTIES!

We would call your attention to our Second Grand Arrival of Fall and Winter Clothing, made from the finest Imported Piece Goods by Skilled Workmen. As we have arrangements with Large Manufacturers for their Choice Custom Goods. We can complete with any First-Class City House in Style and Fit, and best them on prices. Having very light expenses and buying in such large quantities for three Clothing Stores, Cash gets Goods Cheap and we will give you the benefit of it. Shoddy and Poorly Made Goods are high at any Price.

WE ARE THE ONLY

EXCLUSIVE

CLOTHING AND FURNISHING GOODS

HOUSE

In this city, We therefore keep the Best Assorted Stock. Come and see us and you will get Fine Merchant Tailors Clothing at Eastern ready made Prices. We bought a fine line of Misfit Clothing which we will sell at Half Price. Thanking our friends for past favors.

PYE & WALTON.

2 Doors From Bank of Hopkinsville.

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Consisting of Lusters Sponged Seal Plush and Worsteds, Cassimeres and the Finest Cloths in the market. We will make it to your interest to call, before purchasing, on the

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We would call your attention to our Second Grand Arrival of Fall and Winter Clothing, made from the finest Imported Piece Goods by Skilled Workmen. As we have arrangements with Large Manufacturers for their Choice Custom Goods. We can complete with any First-Class City House in Style and Fit, and best them on prices. Having very light expenses and buying in such large quantities for three Clothing Stores, Cash gets Goods Cheap and we will give you the benefit of it. Shoddy and Poorly Made Goods are high at any Price.

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BAR HARBOR.

A Wild, Weird Tale of Love and Adventure.

BY AMOS LEE.

PUBLISHED BY SPECIAL ARRANGEMENT WITH THE AUTHOR.

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At another time Natalie found a roll of MS. music blown about by the winds among the rocks on the shore. It was called "Stella Mea."

"Stella Mea!"

And she remembered the first time she had seen it.

"That art my life's true story!"

"Thou art my life's true story!"

"Thou art my life's true story!"

"Thou art my life's true story!"

"Thou art my life's true story!"

"Thou art my life's true story!"

"Thou art my life's true story!"

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"Thou art my life's true story!"

as to that. But I do know that I'm one of the individuals whose heart Dolores has captured."

"Yes," continued the stranger, "I came here today to hunt for a girl, a girl who I had heard of, and I found her here, and while I was searching, met this young lady."

"What manuscript?" eagerly interrupted Natalie.

"It was," promptly responded the other, feeling that his name was succeeding.

"It was," again he replied, affecting a little well-feigned astonishment at her questions and manner.

"I found it here, and do you know, I like it very much, indeed. Did you really compose it? You are musical, aren't you?"

"Verily, Miss Natalie was overcome by her man-hating proclivities.

"Still this was all at all surprising. When this young man resolved to write the good will of any one, male or female, few reasoners could resist him. That frankness, that apparent simplicity-mindedness, threw strangers off their guard, and they knew it, the citadel of their reserve had capitulated.

"I am glad you like it, indeed," answered he, with a slight bow holding very much pleased. "How fortunate I have met you! For, strangely enough, I have been unable to recall all of either the melody or the words. May I return with you to the house and get it?"

"Certainly," replied Natalie, falling quickly by his side. "I'm very glad to have discovered it."

The fact was now broken.

Fairfax had once more pointed successfully. Natalie had the only person to reflect upon her course, might have been surprised, at the least. She was chatting away as playfully and unconcerned with this stranger, of whom she knew absolutely nothing, as if she had known him for years.

They walked together up toward the cottage. Dolores, between them, holding the hand of each in her tiny fingers, while Max followed demurely behind.

Fairfax (quite naturally) left the remark that he was located in the pretty cottage across the lake. Natalie had seen it and admired its charming situation and quaint architecture. "And," he added, "I have been waiting for the autumn months. Glen Gore is its name."

Fairfax refrained from making any personal remark whatever to Natalie until, as they approached the shore, he said:

"I think I must have heard you singing, when I passed along the shore recently. You sing, do you not?"

"No, I am sorry to say, simply, 'Do you?'"

"No, I am sorry to say, simply, 'Do you?'"

"No, I am sorry to say, simply, 'Do you?'"

"No, I am sorry to say, simply, 'Do you?'"

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"No, I am sorry to say, simply, 'Do you?'"

"No, I am sorry to say, simply, 'Do you?'"

"No, I am sorry to say, simply, 'Do you?'"

"Nana Rochester."

"Bonjour, Mamma! Here he is!"

"Bonjour, Mamma! Here he is!"

"Bonjour, Mamma! Here he is!"

"Bonjour, Mamma! Here he is!"

"Bonjour, Mamma! Here he is!"

"Bonjour, Mamma! Here he is!"

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"Bonjour, Mamma! Here he is!"

"Bonjour, Mamma! Here he is!"

"Bonjour, Mamma! Here he is!"

"My Mr. Arnold Fox has come back! Come, little mamma; here he is!"

"Come, little mamma; here he is!"

"Come, little mamma; here he is!"

"Come, little mamma; here he is!"

"Come, little mamma; here he is!"

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unaware in all points. The warm blood showed in torrents over his face. His eyes were closed, and his hands were clasped in prayer. He had so long concealed. An instant more and he would have rushed forward and decided his fate, then and there. Well for his hopes had he done so. But something, he knew not what—how he cursed his luck afterward—restrained him. He hung down in shame. He was overwhelmed by the consciousness of his previous flush was exchanged for a deadly pallor. When their eyes had met, each understood the other. Each knew that each loved and was loved; and each that the other knew it, too.

The fatal moment had come to Natalie, and she awoke to find herself a woman. The words were torn from her eyes, and her supposed friendship confronted her in all its true and soul-stirring proportions.

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